DOOM OF THE SWORD.

It Had its Mission, Has Played its Part, and Now Must Ga

Chaplain T. De Witt Talmage Preaches the Annual Sermon Before the Thirteenth New York Militia-The Great Lessons of War-Peace Universal Dawns

In the Brooklyn Academy of Music last Sanday, Rev. T. De Witt Taimage, chap-lain of the Thirteenth N. Y. State militia, preached the annual sermon to that regi-

The subject of the sermon was: "The Sword-Its Mission and its Doom." The text, Isaiah 31:5: "My sword shall be bath-

ed in heaven." Three hundred and fifty one times does the hible speak of that sharp, keen, curved, inexoratle weapon, which flashes upon us from the text-the sword. Sometimes the mention is applaudatory, and sometimes damnatory, sometimes as drawn, some-times as sheathed. In the bible, and in much secular liter ture, the sword repre-sents all jave ins, all muskets, all carbines, all guns, all police clurs, all battle axe all weaponry for physical defence or at-tack. It would be an interesting thing to give the history of the plow, and follow its furrow all down through the ages, from the first crop in Chalden to the last crop in Minnesota. It would be interesting to follow the pen as it has tracked its way on down through the literature of nations. from its first word in the first book to the last word some author wrote last night as he closed his manuscr.pt. It would be an interesting thing to count the echoes of the hammer from the first nail driven, down through all the mechanism of conturies to the last stroke in the carpenter's shop yesterday. But in this, my annual ser-mon as chaplain of the Thirteen h Regment, I propose taking a weapon that has done a work that neither plow nor pen nor hammer ever accomplished. My theme is the sword-its mission and its doom The sword of the test was bathet in

heaven; that is, it was a sword of righte ous-ness, as another sword may be bathed in hell, and the sword of crueity and wrong There is a great difference between the sword of Winklereid and the sword of Leonidus and the sword of Honodict Arnold. In our effort to hasten the end of war, we have hung the sword with abuses and execrations, when it has had a divine mission, and when in many crises of the world's history it has swung for liberty and justice civilization and rightcourses and God. At the very opening of the Bible and on the East side of the Garden of Eden, God placed a flaming sword to de-tend the tree of life. Of the officer of the law, St. Paul declares: "He beareth not the sword in vain." Through Moses God commanded: "Put every man his sword by his side." David in his prayer, says: Gird thy sword upon the thigh, O most nighty." One of the old battle shouts of the Old Testament was, "The sword of the Lord and of G deon." Christ, in a great exisency said, that such a weapon was more important than a cost, for He declar-".fe that hath no sword, let him sell his garment an i buy on a." Again He de-clared: "I come not to san I peace but a sword." Of Christ's second coming it is said: "Out of his mouth went a sharp, two-edged sword." Thus, sometimes figuratively, but oftener literally, the divine mission of the sword is unnounced.

What put an end to infamous Louis XIV.'s plan of universal conquest by which England would have been made to kneel on the steps of the Tuiteries and the Angio-Saxon race would have been halted and all Europe paralyzed! The sword of Maribor-ough, at Blenheim. Time came when the Roman war engles, whose beaks had been punched into the heart of nations must be brought down from their cyrics. All other attempts had disgracefully failed, but the Germans, the mightlest nation for brawn and brain, undertook the work, and, under God successful. What drove back the Romen cavalry till the horses, wounted, flung their riders and the last rider perishlast January my nerves tingled with excitement and I rose in the car, the better to see the batt child of Chalons, the mounds and breastworks still visible, though nearly five hundred years ago they were shoveled up.

It has developed courage—that sublime punishment of Christians," his life a massacre of nations, ca ne to immunious defeat, and he put into one great pile the wooden saddles of his cavalry, and the spois of the cities and kingdoms he had sacked, and placed on top of this holocaust the women who had accomposited him in his devastating march, ordering that the torch be put to the pile. What power broke that sword, and stayed that red scourge of cruelty that was rolling over Europs! The sword of Theodoric and Actius. To come down to later ages, all intelli-

gent Englismen unite with all intelligent Americans in saying that it was the best thing that the American colonies swan ; off from the government of Great Br.tian. It would have been the worst absurdity of four thousand years if this continent should have continued in loyalty to a throne on the other side of the sea. No one would propose a Governor General for the United States as there is a Governor General for Can da. We have had splendid queens in our American Capitol but we could hardly be brought to support a queen on the other side of the Atlantic, lovely and good as Victoria is. The only use we have for earls and lords and dukes in this country is, to treat them well when they pass through to their hunting grounds in the Far west, or when their have filled reinforce them by wealthy matrimonial alliance. Imagine this nation matrimonia aliance. Imagine this nation yet a part of English possessions! The trouble the mother country has to-day with Ireland would be a paradisaic condition compared with the trouble she would have with us. England and the United States make excellent neighbors, but the two families are too large to live in the same house. What a god send that we should have parted, and parted long ago! But I can think of no other way in which we could have possibly achieved American inde-pendence. George the Third, the half-erazy king, would no have let us go. Lord North, his prime minister, would not have let us go. General Lord Cornwallis would not have let us go, although after Yorktown he was glai enough to have us let him go. Lexington, and Hunker Hill, and Monmouth, and Trenton, and Valley Forge, were proofs positive that they were not to let us go. Any committee of Americans going across the ocean to see what could have been done would have found no batter accommodations than London Tower. The only way it could have been done was by the sword, your great grandfather's sword. Jefferson's pen could write the Declaration of Indopendence, but only Washington's sword could have achieved it, and the other

So now the sword has its uses, although it is a sheathed sword. There is not an armory in Brooklyn, or New York, or Philadelphia, or Calcago, or Charleston, or New Or cans, or any American city, that ould be spared. We have in all our American cities a ruffian population who, though they are small in number, com-pared with the good population, would again nd again make rough and stormy times if, back of our mayors and common councils and police, there were not in the armories and arsonal some keen steel which, if brought into play, would make quick work with mobocracy. There are in every great community unprincipled men who like a row on a large scale, and heat themsives with sour mush and old rys, and other decections, enriched with blue vitriol, potash, turpentine, sugar of lead, sulphuric acid, logwood, strychnine, night shad and other precious ingredients, and take down a whole glass with a re-

sounding "Ah!" of satisfaction. When they get that stuff in them, and the blue vitriol collides with the potash, and the turpentine with the sulphuric acid, the victims are ready for satisfactions. victims are ready for anything but order and decency and good government. Again and again, in our American cities has the cessity of home guards been demonstra-

Your member how, when the soldiers were all away to the war in 1861-64, what conflagrations were kindled in the streets of New York, and what negroes were hung. Some of you remember the great riots in Philadelphia at fires, somtimes kindled just for the opportunity of uproar and despotiation. In 1-49 a hiss at a theate and the second street would be a second secon would have resulted in New York City demolished had it not been for the citizen soldiery. Because of an insult which the American actor, Edwin Forrest had received in England from the friends of Mr. Macready, the English actor, when the latter appeared in New York, in Macbeth, the distinguished Englishman was hissed and mobbed, the walls of the city having been placarded with the ann uncement: "Shall Americans or English rule in this city?" Streets were iii ed with a crowd, insane with pission. The riot act was read, but it only evoked loader yells and heavier voleys of stones, and the whole city was threatened with violence and assassination. But the Seventh Regiment, Broadway, proceeded by mounted troops, and at the command: "Fire, guards!
Fire!" the mob scattered, and New York was saved. What would have become of Chicago two or three years ago, when the police lay dead in the streets, had not the sharp command of military officers been given. Do not charge such scenes upon American institutions. They are as old as the Ephesian mob that howled for two hours in Paul's time about the the theatre, amid the ruins of which I stood last January. They were witnessed in 1655 in London, when the weavers paraded the streets and entered the buildings to destroy the machinery o' those who, besell the rest. They were witnessed in 1781 at the trial of Lord George Gordon, when there was a religious riot. Again, in 1719 when the rabble cried, "Down with the Presbyterians! Down with the meeting-houses." There always have been, and always will be, in great communities, a class of people that cannot govern themseives and which ordinary means cannot govern and there are extgencies which nothing but the sword can meet. Aye, the militia are the very last regiments that it will be safe to disband. Arbitrament will take the place of war

between nation and nation, and national armies will disband as a consequence, and the time will come—God hasten it!—when there will be no need of an American army or navy, or a Russian army or navy. But some time after that, cities will have to keep their armories, and arsensis, and well-drilled militia, because until the millennial day there will be populations with whom arbitrament will be as impossible as treaty with a cavera of hyenas or a jungle of snakes. These men who rob stores and give garroter's hug, and prowi about the wharves at midnight, and rattle the dice in gambling-heds, and go armed with pistol or dirk, will refrain from disturbance of the public peace just in proportion as they realize that the militia of a city, instead of being an awkward squad, and in danger of shooting each other by mistake, or losing their own life by looking down into the gun-barrel to set if it is loaded, or getting the ramrol fast in their bootleg, are prompt as the sunrise, keen as the north wind, potent as a thunderbolt, and accurate, and regular, and di ciplined, in their move-ments as the planetary system. Well done, then, I say to legislatures, and governors, and mayors, and all officials who decide upon larger armories and better places for drill and more generous equipment for the militia. The sooner the sword can safely go back to the scabbari to stay there, the better; but until the hilt clangs against the case in that final lodgment, let the sword be kept free from rust; sharp all along the edge, and its point like a needle, and the handle polished, not only by the chamols of the regimental servant, but by the hand ed, and the Hercynian forest became the scene of Rome's humilation! The sword, the brave sword, the triumphant sword of bathed in impetuosity, or bathed in cruelty, Arminius, while passing through France or bathed in oppression, or bathed in out rage, but bathed in heaven.
Hefore I speak of the doom of the sword,

Here, Attiia, the heathen mouster, called energy of the soul which defies the uni-It has developed a self-sacrifice which repudiates the idea that our life is worth more than anything else, when for a prin-ciple it throws that life away, as much as to say, It is not necessary that I live, but it is necessary that righteousness triumph. There are tens of thousands among the Northern and Southern veterans of our civil war, who are ninety five per cent larger and mightler in soul, than they would have been, had they not, during the four years of national agony, turned their back on home, and fortune, and at the front sacrificed all for a principle. It was the sword which on the Northern side developed a Grant, a McClelian, a Hooker, a Hancock, a Sherman, a Sheridan, and Admirals Farcagut and Porter and on the Southern sid: a Lee, a Jackson, a Hill, a Gordon and the Johnstons, Albert Sydney and Joseph E, and Admiral Semmes, and many federals and Confederates whose graves in national cemetaries are marked "Unknown," yet who were just as selfsacrificing and brave as any of their major generals, and whose resting places all up and down the banks of the Androscoggin, the Hulson, the Hotomac, the Mississippi and the Alabama, have recently been snowed under with white flowers typical of resurrection, and strown with red flowers commemorative of the carnage through which they passed, and the blue flowers illustrative of the skies cently been snowed under with white through which they ascended.
But the sword is doomed. There is one

word that needs to be written in every throne-room, in every war-office, in every navy-yard, in every national council. That word is Disarmament, But no govern-ment can afford to throw its sword away until all the great governments have agreed to do the same. Through the influ-ence of the recent convention of North and South American governments at Washington, and through the Peace Convention to be held next July in London, and other movements in which prime ministers, and and kings, and queens, and sultans, and czars shall take part, all civilized nations will come to disarmament and if a few barbarian races decline to quit war, then all the decent nations will send out a force of Continental police to wipe out from the face of the earth the miscreants. But until disarmament and consequent arbitration shall be agreed to by all the great governments, any single government that dismantles its fortresses, and spikes its guns, and breaks its sword, would simply nivito its own destruction. Supposs, before such general agreement, England should throw away her sword; think you France has forgotten Waterloo! Suppose before such general agreement Germany shou throw away her sword; how long would Alsace and Lorraine stay as they sref Suppose the czar of Russia before any such general agreement should throw away his sword; all the eagles and vultures and lions of European power would gather for a piece of the Russian bear. Suppose the United States without any general agree-ment of disarmament should throw away her sword; it would not be long before she Narrows of our harbor would be ablaze with the bunting of foreign navies coming here to show the folly of the "Monroe Doctrine."

So we are glad at the Isalahic prophecy, that the time is coming when nations shall not lift up sword against nation. Indeed, not lift up sword against hatton. Indeed, both swords shall go back into the scab-bard - the sword bathed in heaven and the sword bathed in hell. In a war in Spain a soldier went on a skirmishing expedition and, sectuated in a bush, he had the opportunity of shooting a soldier of the other army, who had strolled away from his

tent. He took aim and dropped him Running up to the faller man he took his snapsack for spoil, and a letter dropped out of it, and it turned out to be a letter out of it, and it turned out to be a letter signed by his own father; in other words, he had shot his brother. If the brotherhood of man be a true doctrine, then he who shoots an other man always shoots his own brother what a horror is war and its cruelties, were well illustrated when the Tartarafter sweeping through Russ a and Poland, disnlayed w th pride nine great sacks fille I with the right ears of the fallen, and when a correspondent of the London Times, writing of the wounded after the battle of Sedan, said: "Every moan that the human voice can utter rose from that he ap of agony, and the cries of water! For the love of God, water! A doctor! A doctor!" never ceased." After war has wrought never cessed." After war has wrought such cruelties, how glad we will be to have the Old Monster himself die. Let his dying couch be spead in some dis-mantled fortres, through which the stormy winds howl. Give him for a pillow a battered shield and let his bed be hard with the rusted bayonets of the slim. Cover him with the coarsest blanket that piezet ever wore, and let his only cup be the bleached bone of one of his war-chargers, and the last typer by his bedside expire as the midnight blast sighs assassination But the Seventh Regiment, i to his ear: "The candle of the wicked under General Durvea, marched through shill be put out." To-nigth against the sky of the glorious future I see a great blaze. It is a foundry in full blast. The workmen have stirred the fires until the furnaces are seven times heated. The last wagon load of the world's swords has been hauled into the foundry, and they are tumbled into the furnace, and they begin to glow and redden and meit, they begin to glow and redden and meit, and in hissing and spar-ding liquid they roll on down through the crevice of rock until they fall into a mold shaped like the iron foot of a plow. Then the liquid cools off into a hard metal, and, brought out on an anvil, it is beaten and pounded and fashioned, stroke after stroke, until that which was a weapon to reap harvests of men, becomes an implement turning the

of men, becomes an implement turning the soil for harvests of corn, the Sword having be ome the Plowsh ire.

Officers and comrades of the Thirteenth Regiment of state militla: After another year of pleasant acquaintance I hall you with a salutation all made up of good wishes and prayers. Honored with restdence in the best city of the best land under the sun, let us dedicate ourselves anew dor the sun, let us dedicate ourselves anew to God and country and home! In the English co flict, called "the War of the Roses," a white rose was the badge of the House of York, and the red rose the badge of the House of Lancaster, and with those two colors they opposed each other in battle. To enlist you in the Holy War for all that is good against all that is wrong, I pin over your heart two badges, the one suggestive of the blood shed for our redemption and the other symbolic of a soul made white and clean, the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. By these hence forth our regimental symbols—Ross and Lily, Lily and Rose!

TUNNELING THE ST. CLAIR.

Proportions of the Great Work

-Importance to Commerce. The construction of the great tunnel under the St. Clair river, between Sarnia and Port Huron, is attracting much interest among the great trade carriers between the west and east, and as the work has already made such progress that its completion seems assured, it is only a matter of a short time when the heavy freight will be making rapid tratsit under the river instead of by the old and un-satisfactory makeshift of steamboat transfers.

The complete tunnel will be over one mile in length, 2,310 feet being under the river, 1,810 feet under dry ground on the Michigan side and about 2,000 feet on the Canadian side. Fifteen hundred feet of the portion under the river will be almost level. falling eastward slightly, to cause any water that may get into the tunnel to run to the Canadian s de. The depth of the lowest part of the tunnel from the mean level of the river will be 81 feet, which is much higher than at stolen belonged to Owen Webster, whose first anticipated, but the borings show place is a mile and a half from where such good material that it was de-cided that the tunnel could be built special to N. Y. Sun. so much higher. The minimum depth of the top of the tunnel below the bed of the river will be about fifteen feet. It will have a clear internal diameter of twenty feet, and will

have a single track. traffic demands it, the company intends to build a second one alongside. The Michigan portal of the tunnel will be about two miles from the center of Port Huron.

German Cooking.

German cooking averages well, says Eugene Field. It is essentially heroic. The German viands appear to be compounded not for the purpose of ravishing the eye nor for the purpose of enchanting the olfactories; they are made simply for the stomach. Who but a German would have invented the savory thing known as the onion tart? Prithee, do not recoil-this is really a most delectable viand. You make it in this wise: The pastry must be exceedingly "short" and light; spreading this crust over the baking tin or dish, you cover it with very thin slices of raw onions, plentifully sprinkling those latter with pepper and salt. Then baking the whole in a hot oven you shal! find that the onions as it comes from the oven, further seasoned (as the taste shall require) with butter. Many do dislike the onion served in any other way are reconciled to that homely, modest and faithful fruit when it comes to them in tart.

The deepest coal mine is at St. Andre du Porier, France, and yearly produces 300,000 tons of coal. The mine is worked with two shafts, one 2,952 is the comparative low temperature accumulated, until the honesty of state experienced, which seldom rises above 75 degrees Fahrenheit. The gold and silver mines of the Pacific coast of our own country, at a depth of less than half that of the French coal mine, often have much difficulty in keeping the temperature low enough to admit of working. In some levels of the great Comstock lode the temperature rises as high as 120 degrees.

A Fresh Carnation on the Orean. "I can tell you how to cross the Ateler the other day. His recipe was to start the voyage with two carnations and a raw potato. The carnations are to be worn on alternate days and each when not ornamenting the buttonhole is to be firmly thrust into a hole in the potato. At the end of a week at least one of them will still be fresh enough to excite the surprise of fellow passen-

FARMER BECKER SURPRISED. low He and His Son Found a Bear in the

Farmer Leaton N. Becker, of the orthern part of Coolbaugh Township and such a big crop of bay last summer that his barns wouldn't hold it all. In a meadow nearly three-quarters of a mile from the farm buildings Mr. Becker stacked several tons of the hav, and last Monday morning he and his son Halsey, a strapping fellow of 22, hitched up the team and got ready to draw the stack over to the barn. Back of the meadow there is a long laurel swamp that had not been frozen over this winter, and the stack stood within a few rods of the swamp.

They drove the wagon up to the front side of the stack, and while Farmer Becker was getting the rigging in shape young Halsey unhitched the horses and led them behind the stack out of the wind. Instead of leaving the borses there Halsey led them right back to the front end of the wagon, and tied them, and his father wanted to know what he

The fact of the matter was that Halsey had made a discovery that startled him a little. The rails had been pulled away from the back side of the stack, there was a big hole in the base of the big mound of hay, and around the en-trance to the hole there were several clots of blood and tufts of wool. Halsey told his father what he had seen, and he also said he believed that a bear and he also said he believed that a bear had dug the hole and was there conceal-ed in the center of the big heap of hay. Farmer Becker examined the spot at once, and made up his mind that a bear had dragged a dead sheep in the hole, and gorged itself on the carcass, that it was probably lying in there asleep at the time.

Halsey then got the binding-pole from

the wagon and pushed the sharp end of it into the hole half a dozen times. resently they heard something growl and snarl, and they concluded to plug up the hole with fence rails and keer the beast confined until Halsey had time to go to the farm-house and get the rifle. Before they had poked the end of the fourth rail into the hole a good-sized bear came tearing out. Halsey's thrusts with the pointed pole had evidently roused him out of sound sleep and made him very mad, for he struck at Farmer him very mad, for he struck at Farmer Becker as he sprang from underneath the hay, and then made for the swamp. Farmer Becker said he got mad, too, when he found that the bear had come within two inches of breaking his arm, and he seized the tough binding pole, headed the bear off, and punched him until he was giad to turn back. He and Halsey mauled the bear over the head with rails, and tried to drive him back in the hole, but that didn't work, for he had his mind set on finding shelter in the swamp, and he knocked them right and left, and got away again. He had stuffed himself with so much mutton that he couldn't waddle fast, and this time Halsey headed him off, and prod-

ded him with the pole until he bellowed. Just then Almon Richards, of Toby hanna Township, who had started out on a bear hunt, climbed the fence on a short cut across the meadow. He saw the bear, and he ran down and fired two bullets into him when he was within three or four rods of the swamp. The bear weighed 311 pounds. The next day it was found that the sheep he had

MRS. CHARLES D. HAINES. The Lady President of the Medina Valley



MRS. CHARLES D. HAINES. Pres't of the Medina Valley railroad, Texas. Mrs. Haines is the first woman ever chosen to the Presidency of a steam railroad, but in her place there can be no doubt of the wisdom of the selection, her qualifications for the position being conceded by all who know her. She is the wife of Mr. C. D. Haines, senior are as soon done as the pastry, and this fragrant delicacy should be eaten short-line railroads in several states. Among the roads they now have under construction, in addition to the Medina Valley road, are the Lockport, Langdon and Northern of Missouri, and the Brackett, St. Clair and Rio Grande of Texas.

The Pocahontas Story Not a Myth.

The story of Pocahontas is absolutely true. Nobody doubted it until 1866, when Charles Deane started the present skepticism on the point. Henry Stevens believed Smith implicitly, and he is the feet deep and the other 3,083. The greatest authority of our age. Before latter shaft is now being deepened and this doubt, and I went coolly and wariwill soon touch the 4,000-foot level. A ly into the matter, determined to find remarkable feature in this deep mine out the truth. Bit by bit the evidence ment and high character of the Lincoln shire Captain came out refulgently. Of Pocahontas' existence and services to the English colony no man doubts. The question is, did she render this peculiar service to Smith? No one was present there but himself. Did he invent it afterwards? Was he a list generally? Certainly not. In my reprint many greater hairbreadth escapes than that are recorded in his life; and in later Indian stories captive men have often been saved from death by lantic with a fresh carnation in your Indian squaws. Such an incident is buttonhole," said an experienced travrigorous test, I was happy to believe that the Pocahontas story is not a myth, like the William Tell one, but a solid historical fact. — Prof. Edward Arber in the Athenæum.

Coals to Newcastle.

Three car-loads of sugar were ship-ped from Conway, Kan., to New Orleans recentiv.

Cornelius Vanderbilt and his mother.

Gov. English of Connecticut never had a serious ailment until his last and fatal illness. A short time before he was taken down with this last sickness he felt a little indisposed and a physician whom he met gave him a pre-scription. "What shall I do with it?" said the Governor, "I never had a prescription before in my life." nome and frame it." replied the doctor. 'Men who have lived as you have lived need no medicine."

Alphonse Daudet, probably the most popular living novelist, is thus de-scribed: "Daudet is one of the most remarkable looking men in Europe. His head is one of great beauty, ex-quisitely shapen, long, dark locks fallng over a white, broad forehead, eye as black as any coal, but brilliant with the light of Southern suns, the face itself a perfect oval, a full, dark beard and mustache, and a delicate, finely chiseled mouth.

Lady Dufferin, in her clever book re lating her experiences of "Viceregal Life in India." says that the English are rapidly spoiling the exquisite taste of the East-Indians by sending out dolls dressed in the height of fash-ion and English made clothing to dis-tribute among the children of the schools. She gives an amusing picture of the small Oriental beauties wearing patent-leather shoes over which seven or eight silver anklets fall in the most incongruous manner.

Postmaster Wanamaker is seen frequently riding at a gentle amble a nice attle mouse-colored horse, while Secretary Tracey bestrides in a stately old-fashioned way a superb thoroughbred which he brought with him from his farm in Western New York. The best rider among the public men at the the Capital is Congressman Bayne of Pittsburg; and when Congressman Cannon of Illinois rides his arms flop up and down with the majestic sweep of the American eagle's wings.

Never mind about "tempering the wind to the shorn lamb;" what the shorn lamb is after is some way to raise the wind. Pack.

Many a man who says, "Get thee be hind me. Satan," does so with the as-surance that Satan will get there - with both feet. - Pack.

The only time a man can be sure of his friends is when he has buried them.

Many a man who is a good shot in the world hopes to miss fire in the next. Gratifying to All.

The high position attained and the universal acceptance and approval of the pleasant liquid fruit remedy Syrup of Figs, as the most excellent laxative known illustrate the value of the qualities on which its success is based and are abundantly gratifying to the California Fig Syrup Company.

There is one peach crop that never is a failure and that is the preserved kind. Last month over five and a half million people crossed the Brooklyn bridge

When the summer's rose has faded What shall make it fair again? hen the face with pain is shaded What shall drive away the pain? Never shall a blossom brighten After blighted by the frost,

After blighted by the frost,
But the load of pain may lighten,
And we need not count as lost
all the pleasure of life when the wife and
mother, upon whom the happiness of home
so largely depends, is afflicted with the delicate diseases peculiar to women. It is terrible to contemplate the misery existing in
our midst because of the prevalence of these
diseases. It is high time that all women
should know that there is one sure remedy
for all female complaints, and that is Dr.
Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Do not allow dishealth to fasten itself upon you.
Ward it off by the use of this standard
remedy. But if it has already crept in, put
it to rout. You can do it, by the use of the
"Favorite Prescription." It is guaranteed
to give satisfaction in every case, or money to give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it will be returned.

For biliousness, sick headache, indiges-tion, and constipation, take Dr. Pierce's Pel-

Never judge a woman's cooking by the cake she takes to a church social. Nothing lowers a person's standing faster than being a chronic grumbler.

Delightful Vacation Tours. Summer Tourist Tickets both single and round trip, are now on sale via the 'Lake Shore Route' (L. S. & M. S. Ry.) to the principal Mountain, Lake and Seaside Resorts of the East; Chantanqua, Niagara Falls, Toronto, the St. Lawrence and Thousand Islands, Montreal, Lake Champlain, Saratoga, the White Mountains, Portland, Bar Har-

the White Mountains, Portland, Bar Harbor &c., &c.
Note: All Tourist tickets via this line admit of stop over at Chautauqua, The Most Inque Summer Resour in the World to which special low rate excursions will be run during the scason. For full information concerning rates, train service, etc., apply to A. J. Smith, G. P. & T. A., Cleveland, O., or C. K. Wilber, Western Pass. Agt., Chicago.

Many of our cares are but a morbid way of looking at our privileges.

Six novels free will be sent by Cragin & Co., Philada., Pa., to any one in the U. S., or Canada, postage paid, upon receipt of 25 Dobbins' Electric Soap wrappers. See list of novels on circulars around each bar.

There is one thing the bardware dealer always has on band—nails. A Pocket Cigar Case and five of "Tansill's 'tineb," all for 25c.

Society hons are generally men who are able to lie on their roars.

Sale of Blooded Cattle, Remember spring sale of Blooded Cattle of T. W. Harvey, Dexter Park Stock Yards, Chicago, June 18th. Stock warranted pure bred, or money refunded.

Never think that you make yourself great y making others less.

I can make some excellent investments in Chicago Real estate: will guarantee, 25 per cent, increase in value within 18 months, For particulars address A. L. FLANING-HAM, 94 La Saile St., Chicago. Highest ref-erences on application.

Truth is like a torch; when shaken it

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria When she had Children, she gove them Castoria

Cornelius Vanderbilt and his mother.

Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt have decided to build a mission house on Forty-second street. New York, that will surpass in cost, size, and appoint ments any institution of the kind in the world. It is intended as an auxiliary to the work of St. Bartholomea's Protestant Episcopal parish.

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Goy, English of Connecticat never the Due de Montpensier," replied the beggar.

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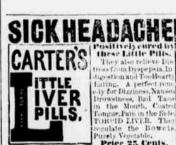
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